

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY
A Romance of the Border

Author of "King Spruce," "The Ramrodders," "The Skipper and the Skipped," etc.

(CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY)

"COMMUNICATION with the beleaguered settlements—the cables suggested a possibility! The snubbing-slopes extended for half a mile; he knew there must be many cables. "If we had giants to paddle it we might use the ferry-boat which is pulled up in the logan down there," mourned one of the men. He pointed to a cleft in the river's bank. "Is there a scow there?" demanded Aldrich.

"It is the ferry-boat for Beaupre upper settlement when the high waters come in the fall, M'ser."

Aldrich leaped from his horse. He was captain forthwith now. No more doubt or hesitancy in his mind! Fate had put the tools into his grasp.

"You men with horses gallop over to the snubbing-slopes. Bring all the cables. If there are more in the store camp make the boss let you take them. Tell him it's life or death! Here! Bring axes, some of the rest of you! Go out on that point and trim one of those biggest beech trees for a snubbing post. Pick the tree that's rooted firmest. Swing that scow free and hold her to the bank. Everybody to work, my men!"

Then there were hurrying and scurrying, shouts and clamor. They saw what he planned to do. It was a desperate expedient, but, with many hands to help, it offered a chance.

The point of land on which men were smoothing the trunk of the big tree commanded the low island which the ragging river had formed of Beaupre meadows.

Aldrich sent men hurrying for all the horses that could be gathered, for oxen, for more men. He ran here and there, exhorting, commanding, suggesting. Men toiled feverishly, willingly. They came with the cables, they came with more horses, and starting oxen were hurried to the scene, floundering through the mud.

The toilers clasped the smoothed tree with two coils of cable, and men who understood the snubbing of the loaded sleds on the slopes of the woods stood by to pay out.

Aldrich understood the desperate chances of the floating scow. The ice-jam hung in Temiscouata narrows like the sword of Damocles.

"I want two good men to help me with the steering oars on this scow," he told them. He leaped on board from the bank. "You know what it will mean if that ice-jam gives way. If there are two of you without wives or children you are the ones to come."

Two volunteers sprang to the deck of the scow. With their heavy sweeps the three sculled into the current, holding the nose of the craft offshore in the direction of the island. Ice beat against the planks, drift stuff menaced, the rolled food trailed banners of froth past; but the scow went on, eased down the turbulent tide at the end of the straining cable.

The frantic folk on the island saw and understood. They ran and massed themselves at the point where the scow must land. They screamed and leaped and waved their hands.

Aldrich, totting at one of the sweeps, shouted encouragement and advice as the scow swung near the land.

"Your wives and your children, men!" he counseled. "We must make more than one trip. The weak ones first. Be Frenchmen!"

They at the other end of the cable understood their part in this frantic gamble with death.

Aldrich signaled with flourish of his hat that the scow had grounded.

He signaled again when the loading of the first cargo had been finished. He took his stand at the post to which the end of the cable was knotted. Though every horse, ox and man on the main was now tugging at the tow-ropes, that moment was an anxious one. Could they furnish the power to stem that current? Would the scow live through that battle with flotsam and ice? Aldrich was hemmed in by sobbing, fearing woman and children; he left sobbing men behind him on the shore. He saw the long cable heave from the yellow water; he felt the scow move, swaying in the current.

He and his men armed themselves with the sweeps. They coughed the heavy oars like lances in rest.

They met the shock of the oncoming ice-cakes, tilting with those white knights of the watery field, endeavoring to break the shock of their impact on the planks of the scow. It was truly man's work, that task was! Blows that racked the bones were dealt by the ice-cakes.

Aldrich set his teeth and fought, knowing that the safety of that load of humanity depended on his keeping those mad charges of the ice in check, diverting the direct onslaught. And all the time he was fearing to hear the thunder which would announce that Temiscouata had opened her jaws to spit out those gigantic goblets which choked her.

But he won in that first throw of the dice with death! Panting, lying prone with fits two helpers on the deck of the scow, he saw his precious cargo discharged at last upon the solid ground.

He heard the cheers. Men rushed to him to press his bleeding hands. Of the next trip they made better work. They had proved what the scow would endure. The rescued men with sticks and poles fought the ice on the return up the stream.

A half hour later the dwellers of the Beaupre meadows stood on the high ground and heard the awful detonations of the bursting jam, saw the leaping cavalcade of the ice rush down and overwhelm the little houses; but they had won life out of the very jaws of death, and stood there unharmed, from the oldest grandire to the latest babe.

And all understood who had accomplished this and how he had played his part in it.

"They who had done the most to aid him were the first to crowd around

and shout their gratitude to him in that he had allowed them to help. They insisted that all the credit was his. Only by reminding them that there was other work to do in the valley did he manage to escape from this excited worship of himself. Women kissed his hands, bruised and bleeding from his toil at the sweeps, and held up their children. Men, with French fervor, embraced him and kissed his cheeks.

But Aldrich had only a sad smile for all this extravagance. He was a prisoner who had run away from his keeper in a mad impulse to be of service in time of disaster. He was charged with murder, and that tiding must now be spreading from end to end of the section.

But he was resolved to go on to the trap.

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them; and he told them why. He had noticed strange looks, had heard muffled whispers, and he thought he understood what all this meant. Some of his men had left without telling him that they were going away. This defection indicated that there were many who believed the dreadful charge that had been brought against him; and he mourned, and no more heart was left to him for his work.

He insisted that he must go, and after a time his men ceased to urge him to remain.

One man followed him a little way on the road, overtook him, and whispered to him:

"I am breaking my word to men who have pledged me, M'ser Aldrich, but when I saw you start to ride away south you looked so sad I

soul in arms against the fate which menaced him. Aldrich was not one to endure more, and his men suggested as much to the officer. "I am ready now, sir," the young man informed him. "You can make as much capital as you like out of what you call my escape; but talk of it to others, not to me."

"You needn't worry," he was not going to mention it," muttered the sheriff. "I ain't inclined to make it any harder for you than it is now—and it doesn't reflect any particular credit on me," he added, with candor.

They went on their way, that true and a sullen silence between them. The sheriff rode a stumbling horse awkwardly, for the road was still impassable for wheeled vehicles.

The perils which he had endured for



"One man followed him on the road and overtook him"

close of the task to which he had set himself. The valley was full of suffering. There were others to be saved. There were people to be fed and housed. There were plans to be made for getting word to the outside world, so that the charitable could assist in this time of ruin and despair. They had accepted him as their captain. They looked around him, anxious to be commanded so that they could obey.

He put himself at the head of the band he had chosen from the men and went to and fro in his work of rescue and amelioration. Day after day passed. Each day imposed new burdens on him. He had become the heart of the work of aid and relief, for in that chaos one who can control all others must be the center of affairs.

The law called on him to go to the sheriff, so he pondered.

But that duty in the north summoned him with more imperative mandate, for his heart was in his work.

Yet, wherever he went, he expected to behold the sheriff's grim visage appear and to hear his summons.

Suspense was proving too great a trial for him.

He could endure the agony of it all no longer.

So, at last, he told his loyal little band of workers that he must leave

Will Keep You Guessing
"The Three Strings," by Natalie Sumner Lincoln, author of "The Nameless Man," and you will be happy while you're guessing.

The story begins on this page next Monday.

Don't Miss It

"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—Jimmy Thought He Had Another Invitation



thought I'd rather break my word than see you break your heart."

He patted the young man's arm. "You have seen queer looks and heard whispers, and men have gone away without saying good-by to you, eh? You think that all this means bad things, eh?"

"I cannot blame them," returned Aldrich, lugubriously.

"No, that's right—you cannot blame them," cried the man, grinning in the face of the astonished officer. "You will hear what those whispers meant and why they went away—and you will not blame them."

He backed away as though he feared to say too much.

"You go on your way, M'ser Aldrich, and do not break your heart any more; because the poor people must find some way to pay a debt they owe to a man like you, even if they have to pay in their blood."

How Acadia Paid a Debt
WHILE Norman Aldrich was riding moodily down from the north toward the settlement where the grip of the law was waiting for him a dozen men whose faces were marked by grim earnestness were riding up from the south.

Aldrich found a sullen sheriff staid marooned at the tavern. The man had no taste for wallowing through streams and climbing hills in pursuit of such a young madman as his prisoner appeared to be.

The sheriff tried to be bitter and sarcastic when his prey was once more in his hands. He even made a movement toward the hip pocket that held his handcuffs.

But the hard, gray eyes of this young man who came riding from the north made him blink and falter.

Mud-spattered, hollow-cheeked and pale with vigils, toil, and fasting, his

others the toil in which he had plunged himself in that wild energy of despair, had blessed Aldrich with partial forgetfulness of his bitter plight for a few days. In his present prostration of mind and body he met the situation with hopelessness in his thoughts. Whatever might be the outcome of his trial by law—and after his conference with his lawyer friend he had accepted that ordeal as inevitable—the stain of it must remain. What did it all presage for the love and the future of Evangeline and himself? He had dared to face the impending horror of the Temiscouata jaws; but he dared not face his thoughts at that moment.

Through watercourses which had spent their force, over jagged rents where the floods had torn their way, he faced south with his grim companion.

Thus he met the twelve men who were faring north.

They massed in the road and halted. He saw with surprise that several of these men were the ones who had deserted him. One advanced from the rest and held up his hand.

"You are the sheriff?" he asked the surly officer.

"I am, and you fellows better not try any funny business," he had scented a plan to interfere with his prisoner. For one alarmed moment he feared a lynching, for these were Frenchmen.

"You have arrested M'ser Aldrich for killing Vetal Beaulieu? Is that it?"

"That's what the warrant charges."

The spokesman turned slowly and solemnly to the group of men and pointed to one of them.

"You will arrest that man there, M'ser Sheriff. He is the man who killed Vetal Beaulieu."

He had designated a shaggy, cowling man whose hands were lashed

with a bit of rope. "That is Joe Dionne, M'ser Sheriff. They call him Wild-wit Dionne in the place where he lives. His head is bad. His brains flew away a long time ago; and he killed Vetal Beaulieu because, so he has told us, it was so commanded by the good God who guards the poor people."

"He robbed, he took away the cows and the horses, he left the poor people without money, and the children without food," mumbled the man who had been pointed out. "It was told me by God that I must do what I did for the sake of the poor people."

"Say, look here! I'm no court to try law cases," said the sheriff, alarm and doubt on his face. "I'm talking along a prisoner who has been indicted all due and regular. I don't know anything about this other thing."

"Then you shall know," insisted the man who had first spoken. He took off his hat and bowed to the sheriff's prisoner, a prisoner who listened with stupefaction.

POWDERED NOSES
USE TONS OF TALC
New York State for Years America's Largest Producer of Mineral. Goes to Make Paper

If one accepts the draft census figures indicating that there are 100,000,000 people or more in the United States, of whom at least one-fourth are women of more or less maturity, each with a nose to powder once or many times every day, rain or shine, he is almost inclined to doubt the declaration of the Geological Survey that only 198,613 tons of talcum was produced in America last year and only 18,600 tons were imported, says the New York Times.

And the figures become more and more amazing when it is asserted that the total value of this talcum was \$1,889,672, and that of this sum more than nine-tenths of it was paid for talcum to be used in paper making and other industrial processes. Subtracting the amount used for industry (not that powdering a nose may not be industriously done) from the total and taking into account the millions of babies that get a daily dusting, and the tons of talc that barbers put upon their patrons' clothes to give the brush boy a chance to flitch a tip, it surely leaves less than one would suppose for complexions and faces the conclusion that a little talcum goes a long way in reducing the glare of a shiny nose.

But regardless of noses and foot-aces, and soap adulteration and the many other uses of talc, it is a highly important mineral, remarkable for its softness, unctuous feel and stability, properties which render it useful for many purposes. In its natural state it appears in the so-called French chalk used by tailors and in crayons. In ground form it is most commonly seen in lubricating and toilet powders, although its most extensive application is as a filler in the manufacture of paper. Much is used in rubber and certain kinds of paints. Some of that mined in Virginia has been successfully used as foundry facing instead of graphite. Its high insulating qualities make it a large application in electric insulation.

The highest average priced talc, including that which was cut for gas tips, pencils, and insulators, was from Georgia, North Carolina, and Vermont, and the highest prices ranged from \$20 to \$200 a ton. The lowest priced material was sold as rough talc (trude) at prices ranging from \$2 to \$8 a ton, or an average of \$5.38 a ton. Its value was greatly increased by grinding and sifting, when, according to quality, from \$5 to \$20 a ton, although the general average was only \$9.11 a ton.

The sales of last year show a gain of nearly 3 per cent in quantity and of more than 7 per cent in value. Thirty-seven producers reported to the Geological Survey, of whom seven were in California, six in Georgia, one each in Maryland, Massachusetts, and New Jersey, four in New York, six in North Carolina, two in Pennsylvania, five in Vermont and four in Virginia.

CAR PALS
Each morning on the car they meet And sit together, And, natural constraint to cheat, Discuss the weather. They had the grip together; so Acquaintance started years ago.

Their thoughts are freshlike akin. The league of nations (To cite a recent case) will win Their commendations. And similar you'll find their views On plays, eugenics, suffrage, shoes.

I sometimes smile to hear them say, "Good morning, brother!" I'm sorry for them on the day They miss each other. Then things for them are not the same— Yet neither knows the other's name!

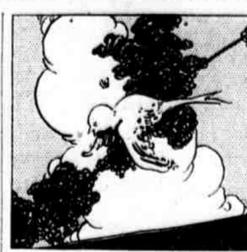
Strange, is it not? Ay, strange as life With all its dangers! Why, man's a loving man and wife Are greater strangers!— Which last suggests the dictum pert. That what you don't know doesn't hurt.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy

"THE POISONED SWORD"

(The Mysterious Knight is challenged by King Bird to meet in knightly combat.)



"Ohee! I'm stabbed! I'm poisoned!" shrieked King Bird

PEGGY and the Birds looked with amazed eyes at the odd capers of the Mysterious Knight and his gallant steed. And they wondered at the words of King Bird when he said: "I told you the Knight of the Poisoned Sword was a terror." Could it be that King Bird's champion was invisible? Was he attacking the Mysterious Knight now and causing the latter to dodge and dance about and flay the air frantically with his arms? That must be it. No wonder King Bird was so confident he would whip the Mysterious Knight. Who could fight against what he could not see?

Suddenly the Mysterious Knight made a snatch at the air, and doubled up his fist. Immediately afterward he let out a shout of pain, "Ki! Yi! Cuch! Oh! Oh!" he yelled, shaking himself within his armor. He followed this by tumbling over on the ground, rolling over and over, doubling up into knots like a contortionist, and throwing a regular fit.

"Who! Who! Who! The Knight of the Poisoned Sword has got into his armor. He is stabbing the Mysterious Knight. Whee! Whee!" exclaimed King Bird.

Over and over rolled the Mysterious Knight, until he reached the stump where King Bird was perched. Faintly the knight twisted to his knees, then to his feet.

"You're whipped! You're whipped!" shrieked King Bird.

The Mysterious Knight straightened up suddenly. He held up his clenched hand toward King Bird. Then he opened his hand. Out flew the black speck that had come from the lump of clay.

(That sword!) laughed the Mysterious Knight. "Oh—see, but you got stung first," growled King Bird.

"Not me! I fooled you!" laughed the knight. "I caught the Bumblebee in my gloved hand and held him until he was tearing mad, and then let him loose at you."

"Then you weren't hurt when you threw that fit?" cried Peggy.

"Not a bit," roared the knight. "I was just giving King Bird his laugh first so your laugh would be all the better. Ho, ho ho!"

"Hurrah for the Mysterious Knight. Hurrah for Billy Belgium!" cried all the birds.

"See-haw, hurrah for his gallant steed—that's me!" bawled Bally Sam, dancing around. "We fooled you all!"

"Whee-ee, if I'd known the Mysterious Knight was Billy Belgium, I'd never have tried that joke," wailed King Bird. "Whee-ee, but that Bumblebee had a hot stinger!"

"I forgive you, King Bird," said Billy. "Now, if you put mud over the place where you were stung, it will help take the poison out."

"Ha, ha! Hurrah for King Bird's tummy," cried the birds. "It was worth the admission he wanted to charge. We will bring you all the insects you can eat, King Bird."

"Whee-ee, I don't think I'll ever be able to eat again," growled King Bird. "I'm cured of playing jokes on you and away he flew to do as Billy had advised."

"And now for home," shouted Billy. He mounted Bally Sam and took Peggy up into the saddle with him. They galloped away they went and before Peggy knew it she was back in her front yard and very hungry for dinner.

(In the next story will be told the strange things that happen to Billy and Peggy when they go fishing.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

THE PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY MANSION

MY trouble became serious when Oldham got thrown out of the buggy and broke his collarbone and a couple of ribs, besides minor injuries.

He went to the hospital while I tackled the job of running the whole place.

Of course, I telephoned Bruno Duke, but he said: "I'm busy for the next few days working out plans to sell the place. Do the best you can. I'm not worrying about it," and he hung up.

"Huh!" I snorted to myself, "he's not worrying, but he's not here—and I am." However, I had to get busy. The larder was well stocked, fortunately, so I hadn't to bother about buying food for a day or so.

For two days, with the help of the colored cook and the colored head waiter, I managed well—then the demon "jealousy" once more upset the applicant.

Lily, the cook, had fallen in love with Charles, the head waiter, and his "kep" company. Charles, however, was a gay dog, and had innocent flirtations with the two maids, especially Esthonia, a coal-black negress with a saucy eye and wholesome laugh.

Lily one morning caught Charles with his arm around the willing Esthonia's waist, and there and then things happened.

Hearing a crash in the kitchen, I went to see what was the matter. There was the infuriated Lily brandishing a long butcher's knife, chasing the scared Charles around and around the kitchen.

I did an ungentlemanly, but wise thing. I shoved out my foot as Lily lumbered by and down she went. She threatened to kill Charles and acted so like a crazy woman that I took a bold and perhaps unwise step—and fired her there and then.

I ordered Eagles to hitch up the buggy and take her to the station right away, and she went to her room very indignant and very haughty to pack up her few belongings.

I was called to the phone then, and it was some fifteen minutes before I was free—and then—then—I surely found my hands full, for all the colored help with the exception of Uncle Moses, who was a local man, marched out in a body, and neither threats nor promises could hold them.

So there I was with thirty-six guests in the house, a linen mistress, an old colored man and a little girl who washed the dishes. Of course, there was the Eagles, but they were no help to me.

I got a Boston hotel employment agency on long distance and they promised to send me some help—in two days!

I'll never forget those two days as long as I live. I forgave the Kelly boys for the trick they played on Uncle Moses, for they offered to help me, and did in a splendid way.

Their good humor helped to keep the guests pacified until the new help arrived. Their story of the fight in the kitchen was funny—and they added to it many little touches of their own, one being that I found the cook holding down Charles ready to plunge the butcher's

er's knife into his heart when I dashed to the rescue!

Many guests believed it, and I was considered a hero, much to my discomfort, for the more I denied it the more it was believed.

I can poach eggs—so for two days eggs constituted the main portion of each meal—eggs—boiled eggs, poached eggs—eggs!

That help looked good to me (and the guests) when they arrived.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION
What is a "Bill"?
Answer will appear Monday
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSI-
NESS QUESTION

A "business" is an agreement of sale; an advantageous commercial transaction.

In this space Mr. Whitehead will answer readers' business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment.

Business Questions Answered
I am twenty-two years old, married, and have about seven years at the jobbing connection. Would you advise me to get on? I have attained from stock boy and checking.

On account of war conditions my line of goods is scarce, so therefore I cannot add any new business. My present salary is \$100 a month, but my family of wife and one child along with me cannot be increased.

I have been trading side lines the last few months to help my family. I have a side line which looks as if it will be a success. Would you advise me to give up my position as a confectioneer, salesman and a "business" man, and take up with my present line, which is a certain size, in the second line, which my present route is pleasant.

Before dropping your confectioneer business I would suggest that you try the side line for a few weeks or months, so that you can see whether it repays its success.

"Oh, mother," wailed Mary, "how perfectly terrible! How can I go when I am to be so busy all